

# THE GIVVER

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"My poor dear child, I will take care of you!"—p. 563.

## TRIED.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "A STORY OF VIONVILLE."

### CHAPTER XXII.

SYDNEY LEIGH intended to go to Richmond by train, and May arranged that she was to take him to the station, and, after leaving him there, go on to visit the Clives.

Their short drive together was very gay and pleasant. Leigh was in unusually high spirits, and May always caught the reflection of his mood, whatever it might be. It was not their custom to drive out

alone together, and he declared it seemed exactly as if they had been married that morning and were starting for their honeymoon. "Look!" he exclaimed, as they passed a church where service had been held, and the clergyman was at the door, coming out; "there is an open church and a parson, all ready. Suppose we just go in, and make him tie the knot without further delay?"

"It would save a great deal of trouble in the way of bridesmaids and wedding breakfasts," said May, laughing; "and in order to get rid of all these barbaric institutions, I should be ready enough to do as you propose; but for the rest, I hardly think it would make me feel more completely linked to you than I do now. The few months that have still to pass can make no difference in what is inevitable."

Poor May! She had yet to learn that nothing is inevitable in this world save death.

She left Sydney at the station, and then, her mind full of the joyous life after her marriage with him, to which she was looking forward with such undoubting confidence, she drove back to the house which contained Irene Clive.

A chill seemed to fall on her spirits as she passed beneath the shadow of that roof; and with slow, reluctant steps she began to ascend the stairs, feeling a strange repugnance to the idea of entering the rooms inhabited by the poverty-stricken family. Was it that the dread Presence, whose empire was now established there, could make its influence felt even through the stone walls? Or was it, rather, that a cold breath was stealing up from the horizon of the future, to warn her of the deadly blast that was already gathering up its forces to sweep all the joy and hope of her life away?

Whatever might be the cause of her nameless terror, May stood at the door of the Clives' room, without the courage to enter it. There was an ominous silence within—she could not hear a sound or a whisper. After a few minutes she knocked gently; there was no answer. Then louder; still no reply. At last, with a trembling hand, she turned the handle and went in. She gave a sudden gasp at the changed aspect of the room, which brought upon her the instantaneous conviction of what it was that lay unseen beneath the large white sheet spread entirely over the bed. The window-blind was down, the shutter half-shut; but in the dim light she could discern the rigid outline of the motionless form which was there concealed. Candles burnt at the foot and head of the bed, where they had been placed by the Greek woman, in accordance with the custom of her country; but she had been obliged to forego the continual watch by the dead, which is one of the strictest of Hellenic observances, because of the living who so sorely needed her care.

Xanthi heard May's entrance from the inner room, and softly opening the door of communication, she came hurriedly towards her. The poor old woman

seemed to be in great distress and anxiety, and she began at once with her expressive gestures to try and make May understand the cause of her evident disquietude. A mournful glance in the direction of the bed indicated—that of course Miss Bathurst well understood—that for Robert Clive all earthly care was at an end for ever; but then, turning, she pointed to the door of the inner room, and shook her head, clasping her hands and making signs, which showed that her fears were in some way greatly excited for Irene. At last, taking the lady by the hand, she drew her forward into the other room; and truly it was a piteous sight which there presented itself to May's compassionate eyes.

Irene Clive was crouching in a corner on the mattress which served her as a bed; but fully dressed, and with her long hair tossed back in great confusion from her perfectly colourless face, which was stamped with an expression of unspeakable terror. Her eyes, dilated to their fullest extent, glanced wildly towards the door as it opened to admit her friend; and she seemed to make an effort to draw herself even closer against the wall, as if she would fain escape still further from some object of dread. She looked wan and exhausted to the last degree, and it was plain that her state of nervous excitement was quite beyond her own control.

As May went and knelt down beside her, putting her arms affectionately round her, Irene turned her head, and in a hoarse whisper exclaimed—"Have you seen him? Is it not dreadful? That is not my father—that awful figure of stone, with the open, staring eyes, which seem to look at me! Do you know, I have seen the sheet move—I am sure I have! It is too terrible! I shall die if I have to stay near that fearful room any longer; I cannot bear it!" She spoke in broken, hurried words, keeping her eyes turned all the time towards the door, and every moment starting and trembling as if she thought the dreaded form was about to appear.

"Dearest Irene," said May, soothingly, "you are overwrought and exhausted; and no wonder, after two sleepless nights, and the shock you have had in your poor father's death. You must try to feel thankful he is at rest."

"Are you sure he is dead?" she whispered, shaking in every limb. "I never saw death before; for they would not let me look at my grandmother. Xanthi says he died during the dreadful convulsion he had at sunrise this morning; and after that, it is true, a terrible change came over him, and he grew cold and stiff and ghastly; and he seemed not to be my father any more. But I am not sure that he was dead, for often it seemed to me that his eyes turned and followed me; and once I thought I saw him beckon to me with his hand. I could not bear it; I came in here to escape from him. But this is almost worse, for I know the dreadful figure is there, though I cannot see him." She paused, and seemed to

listen, her great blue eyes gaining a wilder look of terror every moment. Then suddenly she gave a piercing shriek, exclaiming—"Oh, I hear him moving! he is coming in here!" and darting out of May's detaining arms, she rushed to the window, and dashed her hands against it, as if she would have thrown herself out, in her frantic desire to escape from the feeling of horror which pursued her.

May sprang after her, and, exerting all her strength, she drew Irene back from the window, and compelled her to lie down on the bed, where, by every soothing word she could think of, she succeeded with no small difficulty in calming her to a certain extent.

The fact was, poor Robert Clive had ended his mistaken, wasted life in a convulsion so violent and so painful to witness, that it would have been very trying even to one accustomed to such scenes; but to Irene, wholly unused to illness of any kind, and weakened by want of food and rest, it had given a shock which had for the time completely shaken her nerves, and rendered her almost incapable of enduring the shrinking sense of awe which the first sight of the Great Mystery produces on most minds.

It seemed plain to May that to leave Irene in such close proximity to the corpse while she continued in this alarming state of nervous terror, would be an act of positive cruelty, which might have a serious effect even on the poor girl's reason, and that the merest humanity required she should take her to her own home, and tend her there, at least till some other arrangement could be made. But after all that had passed between Sydney and herself on this subject, she would not do this without letting Mrs. Leigh first see Irene, so that she might judge for herself whether she was a person whose entrance into the house she was willing to sanction.

May wrote a few lines to her aunt, therefore, on a leaf in her pocket-book, and tearing it off, she ran down-stairs to where her servant was waiting, and told him to take the carriage back with this note to Mrs. Leigh, asking her to return in it. Quick as she had been in her movements, she found Xanthi, on her return, struggling with Irene, who had tried to follow Miss Bathurst down-stairs; and it was only by assuring the poor girl that she meant to take her away with her when she finally left the house, that she could restore her to comparative quietness.

It was not long before May heard the carriage return and stop at the door; and, hurrying out, she met her aunt in the passage, and explained to her the whole state of affairs more fully than she had been able to do in her brief note.

"I am sure you are right in wishing to bring this poor child home, my dearest May," said her aunt; "but I will see her," and with her quiet step and gentle look, Mrs. Leigh entered the chamber of death. She paused a moment while she glanced towards the bed, and her lips seemed to move in prayer, but her

mild, placid face was calm and cheerful as ever, even in that dread Presence; for to her trusting faith Death was the messenger of the Universal Father, and therefore no king of terrors, but an angel of love, into whose cold arms she had—with tears, indeed, but without repining—resigned all who had been most dear to her on earth.

Then, followed by May, she passed on into the inner room; but when she saw the poor young girl, with her lovely face snow-white from her excessive terror, and her eyes wild and piteous in their look of agony, Mrs. Leigh opened her arms to her, as if she had known her all her life, and exclaimed, "Come to me, my poor dear child, and I will take care of you!"

Irene gave one glance into the face of the childless widow, whose heart was yearning over her as if she had been a daughter of her own; and seeming to read there all the protecting tenderness which she, motherless, had never known, she gave a low cry and sprang into her embrace, nestling her head down on her breast like one who finds a refuge long desired. Mrs. Leigh kissed her and smoothed her sunny hair with caressing gesture, murmuring low words of comfort, which seemed to have a magical effect on Irene's excited nerves; while May looked on with a happy smile, feeling that in this pleasant sight she saw the solution, not only of her anxieties about Irene, but of the fears she had entertained that her kind aunt would feel lonely and deserted when her marriage should of necessity cause a great separation between them.

"I see how it will end," she said to herself: "Irene will be to her as a daughter—like the little ewe lamb of old—and she will be the dearest mother to this poor forlorn child; and I—I shall be able to give myself, heart and strength, to my own Sydney, with none on earth to claim a single thought away from him! How wonderfully fortunate for me that Irene came to sing at my door and fainted just there!"

Fortunate for her! Poor blind May! with what bitter tears would her sad eyes one day expiate the dimness of their vision now! Yet in one sense she spoke with a deeper spirit of prophecy than she was aware of.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER a hurried consultation with Mrs. Leigh, May left her with Irene, who clung to her as if she could never endure to part with her again, and went down-stairs to see the landlord of the house and his wife, who inhabited the lower floor.

These people had been stern and hard with Clive and his daughter; and only that morning they had added to poor Irene's utter wretchedness by exclaiming loudly at the injury she had done them by allowing her father's death to take place in their house, "scaring their other lodgers," as they declared, when she might have sent him to an hospital

or the workhouse; but in presence of the lady who had come in her own carriage, and wore a silk dress and velvet mantle, they were not only civil but abject, and agreed to everything she proposed, provided they might look to her for payment.

She told them that she was going to take Irene and Xanthi to her own home, and that she would pay all arrears of their rent, as well as the expenses of Mr. Clive's burial. She begged the landlord to make the necessary arrangements for a suitable and quiet funeral; and she was not sorry to hear him say that he would follow his lodger to the grave himself, as she greatly feared Irene would not be well enough to perform that duty herself. The landlady agreed to take charge of the rooms while the dead man lay there; and all arrangements being thus completed, May went back to tell her aunt and Irene that there was nothing to prevent their returning home at once. Irene was much more calm, but looked so excessively white and exhausted that Mrs. Leigh said she should be thankful when she could see her safe in bed at their own house; and as Xanthi, after a word of explanation from her young mistress, had very joyfully collected their small effects into a bundle, there was no reason to delay their departure any longer.

Holding fast by Mrs. Leigh's hand, Irene passed with averted head through the dreaded room; but she grew so faint on the stairs that May was obliged to call her footman, to carry her down and place her in the carriage; and she lay back in Mrs. Leigh's arms during their short drive home, looking perfectly deathlike. May was quite alarmed, and poor Xanthi kept incessantly kissing her darling's hands, with many entreaties to her, in her own language, that she would not die just when the compassionate God had sent them such kind friends.

At last they arrived at home, and beautiful Irene Clive was carried into May Bathurst's house, to be no more the mere guest of an hour, but its familiar inmate, exercising daily and hourly influence therein—for weal or for woe.

Mrs. Leigh's first care was to put her charge to bed, while May wrote to Dr. Fleming to explain all that had happened, and to beg that he would come as soon as possible to see Irene.

He was not long in making his appearance, and expressed the most unqualified satisfaction at finding Miss Clive installed in the house of his friends.

"She is one of the sweetest and most lovable girls I have ever seen," he said to Mrs. Leigh. "Her conduct during the last days of her father's illness was beyond all praise; and from what I can hear, she has acted singularly well during the whole time of misery she has endured since she first came to him."

"I am only too glad to have her to nurse. You know of old my love for that employment, doctor," said Mrs. Leigh, smiling; "but I hope you mean to make her well for me. I do not want to lose her just

when I have got her to myself, and I feel very uneasy about her."

"You have some reason, for she is on the very verge of a nervous fever; but I think, with the care and quiet she will have here, we shall be able to ward it off. You must leave this poor child entirely to your aunt, Miss May, for she requires a very experienced nurse; but I think you will have your mission too, in cheering up that picturesque old Greek, who sits there, looking so brokenhearted."

"Yes, I wish so much I could speak to her," said May. "I mean to begin to learn modern Greek immediately. It is too bad that all the trouble I took to master Chunder's language should not avail me at all with this poor Xanthi; but could you not make her understand by signs that you hope to have Irene well in a few days?"

This the doctor succeeded in doing, for Xanthi had the quick intelligence of her race, and her black eyes sparkled with delight as she made many demonstrations of gratitude to all who were tending and comforting her darling.

The next morning Mrs. Leigh was able to report a great improvement in Irene's state, though she thought it quite necessary that she should still remain quiet in bed; and May, relieved of all anxiety respecting her, had nothing to turn her thoughts from the disquietude she felt as to the impression her presence in the house might make upon Sydney Leigh.

She said nothing on the subject to her aunt, but Mrs. Leigh easily guessed her feelings, and when her nephew came in, soon after they had finished breakfast, she was the first to open the subject and tell Sydney all that had happened the day before. He listened in silence, and May watched him where he sat, the refined beauty of his noble face brought out in strong relief by a ray of sunshine, which fell upon his head and touched his dark hair with gleams of gold.

Her intense, overwhelming love for this man made her heart swell within her as she gazed; and she felt almost ready, if he disapproved of her new guest, to send her away that same hour, rather than displease him for a single moment.

But before he could speak Mrs. Leigh went on, and addressing them both she said, "This addition to our household has decided me to tell you two dear children what I never had courage to mention to you before, though I have been fully determined upon it from the commencement of your engagement—I do not mean to live with you when you are married."

"Oh, auntie, do not say so!" exclaimed May, running to her side; "you must stay with us."

"No, my darling, you must not ask me. I am perfectly convinced that the happiness of married life depends in great measure on husband and wife having their home to themselves—at least, for the



first few years; and even if I had been obliged to live alone, I should have left Combe Bathurst so soon as you and Sydney were established there. But no doubt it would have grieved you in your great kindness to see me living in solitude, and that dear child up-stairs seems to have been sent like a little angel to solve all difficulties. I quite love her already, and I am sure that she will soon be as dear to me almost as a child of my own. I shall be only too glad to give her a shelter with me. She needs a mother and I a daughter, so that we two shall be as happy together as I trust you yourselves will be in your undisturbed home."

"Dear aunt, we shall be sorry to part with you," said Sydney, kindly, while May kissed her repeatedly, with tears in her eyes.

"It is very pleasant to hear you say so, dearest Sydney," she answered, tenderly, "but it will not be a final parting. I shall often come to you as a guest, which is a very different thing from being a regular inmate of your house. In the meantime I was only anxious to show you that, even if you still retain any objection to Irene Clive living with May—which I hardly think can now be the case—it is an arrangement which will only last these few months, as I shall take her quite away with me when I go."

"Oh, I make no objection," said Sydney, with a sort of careless scorn; "if it gives May any pleasure to have this individual in the house, let her have her will, by all means."

"That is right," said Mrs. Leigh with a smile as she left the room; and then Sydney turned to May, and said, with a haughty toss of his head—

"Only, May, I hope you will not ask me to be gracious to this 'lady,' who has been a street-singer undeniably, whatever her parentage may have been."

"You need not see her at all unless you choose," she answered; and resting her clasped hands on his arm, she looked up in his face, and said—"What a proud old fellow you are, Sydney!" She spoke playfully, but he answered with unwonted gravity. Taking both her hands in his, he made her face him while he looked full into her eyes and said—

"May, since you and I are to be husband and

wife, it is best you should understand once for all that I have no sympathy whatever with this new-fashioned theory, that we are all to fraternise with the lower orders, under the guise of charity and benevolence. We have nothing whatever to do with them. There is not more reason that we should assuage their troubles, than that they should endeavour to console us in our trials. The fact, that we are rich and they are poor, has nothing to do with the question. They have their position and resources, and we have ours; and there ought to be no mingling of the two. The lines of demarcation have been unmistakably traced by whatever power rules the universe; and those who attribute the entire organisation of society to a Governing Providence, ought not to interfere with the law which separates the whole of mankind into well-defined classes. At present, May, you will of course do what you please; but when you are my wife, I trust you will entirely give up this philanthropic mania, and keep to the duties and occupations of your own station." He kissed her on the forehead as he spoke, and without waiting for an answer, walked out of the room.

May Bathurst remained standing where he left her, with her head drooping, and her hands tightly pressed together, while thoughts she dared not face surged round her heart. It was she, the future wife of this man, who had meant to dedicate her life to Christ in all its most intimate relations—to seek him ever in his poor; to follow closely in the steps of Him who went about doing good—who came to heal the broken-hearted, to preach the Gospel to the poor—who said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" "Blessed are the meek;" "My kingdom is not of this world!" What was it Philip Evans had said?—"Are you in heart and soul, purely, unreservedly, the servant of the Crucified?" Was it not plain now who was really first in her heart? Was it not manifest there was one she loved more than all—more than heaven, more than God? The thought was too dreadful—the conclusion to which it pointed utterly unendurable to her! Sydney, Sydney—her love, her life—she could not, would not, give him up.

(To be continued.)

## THE FEET OF JESUS.

### CHAPTER V.—THE DEMONIAK.—PART II.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC. ETC.



VEN the greatest events often make impressions on us wholly inadequate to their real importance. We do not care to inquire into how they came about—how wonderful they really are—what great results hang upon them. We are struck by some few of the leading features, but we are not concerned to inquire into their minutiae.

The crowd who line the streets, and fill the balconies and cluster on the house-tops, when a victorious army is returning to the capital in triumph, are, perhaps, intoxicated with the pageant; it passes amid a whirl of excitement and storm of applause, but how few think of all that it involves—the patient drill, the working together of so many brains, the union of so many hearts and

hands and minds, the forethought, the self-denial, and the skill.

And still fewer think of all that hangs upon this success—the political changes, the effects upon national character, the misery or welfare of their fellow-men, as the case may be.

And thus exactly is it with regard to the story of the demoniac, who is here presented to us, as sitting at the feet of Jesus. There he is, a sufficiently wonderful object to attract our attention, and excite our wonder; but how few think of all which, as we have seen, happened, ere he was brought there; and of all that, for himself and others, hung upon his wondrous change!

We have seen something of what was involved in the demoniac's coming to be at the feet of Jesus at all; now let us contemplate him as he is sitting there.

The demoniac presents himself to us under three different aspects: he is (1) a changed, (2) a resting, and (3) a satisfied man.

The demoniac was a *changed* man indeed. His cure was perfected at once; and so he is presented to our notice, as being a complete and startling contrast to what he had been before. He had been violent, he is now calm; he had been naked, he is now clothed; a few moments before he would have nothing to do with Christ, now he is sitting at his feet; he loved to dwell amongst the tombs, now he sits at the feet of the One whose voice the dead in their graves shall hear, and live—the spoiler of the sepulchre, the resurrection and the life.

We may crouch at the feet of Jesus in abject terror, or sit there in satisfying rest. The man had done the first, and now he does the last. As in many a case, there was a falling before there came a sitting. It was with him as it was afterwards with Paul.

The reader will observe that we are speaking of the contrast of a completed cure. And we are anxious to state this, because so many say that nothing is done unless all be done. We have shown how little sympathy we have with this idea, by tracing the preliminary process through which this man went, and the all importance of his debased humanity being brought into contact with the man Christ Jesus, the SON OF THE MOST HIGH GOD.

Every approach to Christ is precious, every dealing direct with him is hopeful. We know not what *may* come out of it; there may, no doubt, be rejection of him, as by the Gadarenes, but there may be healing from him, as there was for the dweller amongst the tombs.

The demoniac is a changed man in his whole being—*externally* and *internally*; he is clothed as regards the body without; he is in his right mind as regards his intellect within.

These two great points of change have their distinct teachings.

As soon as the devils were cast out, the rescued demoniac became the recipient of charitable kindness from those around. From some of those who were present, he doubtless received what was sufficient to clothe his nakedness, and to supply the new need which had grown up.

Jesus had wrought, as was his custom, up to the immediate necessity of the case; and just as he commanded that meat should be given to the daughter of Jairus when he had raised her from the dead, but did not create any for the purpose; so here he allowed the demoniac to be clothed by the kindness of those who were around.

By this act they took him back into the fellowship of intelligent manhood; and it may be that, in leaving this part of the demoniac's need to them, Jesus meant that there should be some teaching for ourselves. The torn garments of the Gadarene cast from him in his madness, the raiment which, when he would use it, he received from the hands of kindly charity, have their teaching, as well as has that coat without seam, woven throughout from neck to foot, which God, for his own purposes, deemed worthy of being enshrined in prophecy, and which the Roman soldiers, for theirs, would not rend.

The view in which the rescued demoniac presents himself to us here is that of a recipient of charitable kindness.

Often after the great work of Christ upon the soul, he who has experienced it needs much charitable help. It may be that this has its place in the deep providence of God. For while none but Jesus can do the great work, he wills that we, in our measure and place, should be fellow-workers together with him.

When he raises Lazarus from the dead, he says, "Loose him, and let him go;" when he multiplies the bread, he delivers it to his disciples, and through them to the hungry crowd; when he will pay the tribute money, he sends Peter to cast a hook; when he will give them a multitude of fishes, they must cast at the right side of the ship.

In the work of our salvation—the great sacrifice upon the cross—Jesus stands alone; but in other things he is continually drawing his people into fellowship of work with himself. It may be that these are some of the bonds which are destined for ever to bind together that great family of which Jesus himself is head.

There is meaning in what the Lord leaves undone, as well as in what he does.

Often then, as we have said, immediately after Christ's great work, there is need of charitable help. The man upon whom he has wrought is alive to what he so recently was; he needs kind-

ness, sympathy, the reception into fellowship, the covering over of that recent shame, at which, indeed, he is so much abashed himself.

It is we, such of us as are with Christ, who are to do this for him. We must not want to get him to sit at our feet. Alas! how many in a spirit of partisanship or patronising would do this. His place is at the feet of Jesus. But we are to accept and endorse that restoration of him to true manhood which Jesus has wrought.

The casting out of the old evil spirit leaves a man with many necessities; perhaps if we know how many, we should try to supply him so far as in us lay.

This is one of the teachings suggested to us here. And as this comes to those who are with Christ, his followers and friends, when he does his great work, so the next comes to the person on whom such a work is wrought.

As soon as ever Jesus casts out the evil spirit, a new set of claims arise. The claims which the demons made were those of violence, and shame and outragings of humanity in every form; the claims of the man's restored being were those of decency and order.

We are now only speaking of the demoniac in his external aspect. There is an outward decency, as well as an inward change, belonging to the spiritual life.

Exorcised by Christ, and sitting clothed at his feet, we have, in a figure, the whole truth, without and within; and without because within, the blessed change is wrought.

The man did not complain of any irksomeness or hard restraint in wearing the unwonted raiment; so far from it, he would not have been contented without it; his condition of nakedness would have been uncomfortable, and out of harmony with his new life; for very shame's sake he would probably have rushed away to the tombs again, no longer, indeed, to delight himself in them, but there to be hid.

But such an end would have ill-befitted this great work of Christ. The man's destiny was to be something very different from that; he was to sit clothed for awhile at Jesus's feet, and then to go forth clothed into the haunts of men, a robed preacher amongst his own kin of the wonder-working power of Christ.

The demoniac was now in his right mind—this clothing was with his full consent; he adopted it. The Gadarenes recognised him as in his right mind, and in truth he was, and that much more than they knew—much more, indeed, if we push the matter to its furthest, than they were themselves.

Outward change was all they could understand, but that they saw. He himself had that which was peculiarly his own; he had received from Jesus something so individual and personal, that like the

name in the white stone, none could know it save he who had received it; but there, in his own person, he furnished his countrymen with such evidence of change as they could receive.

We are bound to do the same. No one on earth ever knew, or could know the secret which was between that man's soul and Christ; but there was that in him which they who ran might read.

Christ wills that we should have secrets between us and him. What love could there be without secrets?—secrets to be told, and to be heard—involving the delightful consciousness, that no one knows them but ourselves.

There will probably be such secrets even throughout eternity—secrets, if for no other reason, yet because they could not be put into words; they belong to that particular heart; and I can imagine its having a holy jealousy in parting with them; they are witnesses of the individuality of Christ's love with the individuality of ours—perhaps a witness of the personal bond by which we are held to him.

The demoniac a resting man! "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream" (Ps. cxxvi. 1); and so was it probably with this poor man. There he sat at the feet of Jesus, with, in all likelihood, no elaborate feelings, but just simply with consciousness of blessing and enjoyment of rest—a new one—a something, the like of which he had never felt before. No doubt if we set ourselves to seek for them, we should find the germs of all sorts of blessed feelings; but the one thing which probably filled his mind was the thankful consciousness of blessing. For well he knew that he had been unblest; it was but a very little while ago since he was not only unblest himself, but one who hurt every one on whom he could lay his hands.

Now he had a quiet consciousness that he had entered upon a new phase of existence; and there was a great honouring of Jesus in that calm sitting at his feet.

There are many excellent people who despise, or at any rate do not make very much of a quiet consciousness—a calm enjoyment of Christ, like this.

They would drive the man about vehemently again. It is true they would do it with the best motives, but very effectually, nevertheless. They do not know the value of a quiet breathing-time at the feet of Jesus—that every moment there is, in truth, a laying in of fresh energy, which will develop itself with power by-and-by.

But the demoniac could appreciate this rest; he had but to compare it with previous unrest; and bare rest, even with nothing else, was sweet. It had the charm of a new state, of new feelings; the tempest was over, and this was calm.

It was, indeed, something very new. The devil-possessed had known of but one acceptable rest, and he had cried aloud for it—it was to be let alone by Christ; but Jesus has another rest for him, it is at his feet. He knew of that, for him, which he could not know or guess of for himself, and he led him to it.

This is how the Lord acts. He hears us bid him away in our madness, but triumphing over us, makes us love what we but a little time before both hated and dreaded—great closeness to himself, a place at his very feet.

We do not suppose that there was anything speculative going on in that poor man's mind, that he had much thought at all; the sense of deliverance, of blessing, of what had happened to him, perhaps some vague sense of a relationship between himself and Christ, was all he had, but what an "all" was that!

We often misjudge, and make great mistakes about people who are not out in any open ministry or mission for Christ. We think they are bringing him no glory and honour. In many cases it may be so, but assuredly not in all. The demoniac as he sat there was a glorious spectacle to men and angels; he was a witness to Christ's power; his satisfaction in being at those feet at rest was a great testimony to Christ's might. For here was displayed the triumph of the immaterial over the material. Material bonds never could have kept the man there, but immaterial did; human restraints, such as cords and chains, could do no more, but Jesus had done all.

We must add a line upon the aspect of the once demoniac, as a satisfied man.

There are two interesting points in which he might be thus contemplated—as satisfied, though he had to part with an entire past; and though there lay before him an unknown future. Looked at in a mere natural point of view, these were calculated to be elements of disquiet; but we must

view them from the stand-point of the work of Christ.

He who is acted on by Christ is willing to have the past a past indeed. He judges, he condemns it. He acknowledges that it was his—alas! too surely his; but now, at the feet of Jesus, he has to do with it no more. No fruit has he now in those things whereof he is ashamed; the time past suffices in which to have wrought such wickedness. He is not judged only of others, he has judged himself. The separation he wills to be complete; he wishes it to be an entire past. His only remembrance of it he desires to be with horror. He takes up the confession which says, "The remembrance of them is grievous."

There lay an unknown future before that man sitting so restingly and quiet at Jesus's feet; but it troubled him not; he sat and was at peace.

It may be that in after days he had to bear persecution, like the blind man whom the Jews reviled; in all probability he did not give that testimony which he was commissioned by Jesus to give without some hazard to himself; but the future, all unknown and new as it must be, was nothing to him as he sat at the feet of Jesus.

Nor need it be to us. He who has parted with the past by the power of Christ, shall by that power be preserved in the future. The hand which has cut him off from a past of the evil ones, will bind him to a future of His own.

Therefore, dear reader, do not let the future trouble you with fears. You can meet with no enemy worse than the one over which Jesus has already given you the victory. He sends you out into the future with great tokens, and earnest of his power. You have received no spirit of bondage, but a spirit of adoption, wherein you cry, saying, Abba, Father!

We need have no fears of that future into which we go at Jesus's command, and straight from sitting at his feet.

#### AT SEA.

**S**HE westward strains her tearful eyes  
To where, far out at sea,  
A brave bark with the darling flies,  
That erst did climb her knee,  
And in her loneliness she sighs,  
"He'll ne'er come back to me."

A fav'ring breeze from port, men say,  
Doth bode a voyage light,  
But she recalls the hapless day  
His father left her sight,  
A fair wind wafted him away—  
It blew a gale at night;

The sailor-husband never more  
Returned to bless his bride,  
But many a waif was strewn the shore  
By many a future tide,  
That told the story o'er and o'er  
How her true love had died.

She read the record through and turned,  
"Such records might deceive;"  
And when the very worst was learned,  
And others bowed to grieve,  
So strong the wife within her burned,  
She dared not to believe.





(Drawn by H. PATERSON.)

"She westward strains her tearful eyes"—p. 568.

Hope drooped at last, once so elate,  
But though cold doubts oppress,  
Still, still she held love's golden gate,  
And watched, when to her nest  
A tiny image of her mate  
Stole in, and brought her rest.

For, oh! that little tender life  
Rare treasure could impart,  
And bore a balm with healing rife  
For every wound and smart,  
The mother triumphed o'er the wife,  
Joy touched once more her heart.

And for that child she toiled and strove  
Through many a lengthy year,  
And as the youngster grew and throve  
Her task got more severe,  
But he repaid her care with love,  
And daily waxed more dear;

And daily waxed more dear and fair,  
Till evil counsel came,  
And led him to the gilded snare  
Of sin, and thence to shame,  
Till from the depths of his despair  
He blushed at his own name.

He blushed at his own name and fled  
Far from her fond embrace;  
Too humbled to uplift his head  
Where he had known disgrace,  
Across the waters he hath sped,  
To shun the friendly face.

Contrition deepen, deepen still,  
Kind Lord, in mercy guide  
And guard his little bark, until  
On some returning tide  
Her home-set sails fair breezes fill,  
And into port she glide.

JOHN G. WATTS.

## THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY.

### CHAPTER I.

**N**EVER had one in my life! Here I am, nineteen on Wednesday week, and never had a party, or a cake, or even any respectable presents," sighed Chatty Deene.

"It's so much trouble, and the carpet is so shabby, and we have only these two sitting-rooms," replied Mrs. Deene.

"We owe ever so many people a turn," remarked Maria, the eldest daughter, who was thin, and remarkably matter-of-fact.

"I know that," said Chatty, "and they might all be paid off at once."

Chatty was the second daughter—a tall, thin girl, with one beauty of which, perhaps, she was a little proud. She was not pretty, she had merely a rather good-tempered face, with soft brown eyes; but she had splendid black hair, and she was proud of it, and liked to wear the smallest bonnet she could get, to display it; or to exhibit herself in evening-dress, with a few white clinging blossoms, which stood out in almost painful contrast from their resting-place. Her weak point was to be considered literary, and she set up for being a classical scholar, on the strength of having read Cicero's "Orations" and Dante's "Inferno," in the translations.

"I have not had any fun since I came home," sighed Emily, the third girl, who had just left school, and who had the demurest face and most fun-loving nature possible. Emily had remarkably large blue eyes, which Chatty always feared would cut her out with Harold Greyson. Chatty was in love with Harold Greyson, who was a clerk in a Govern-

ment office, stood six feet high (without his boots), had no money, no prospects, a pretty and correct tenor voice, and fascinating manners. He made love to one girl in every family of his acquaintance, from policy, so he was always sure of a welcome from one person wherever he went. Now when Chatty sighed for a birthday party, the one grand thought in her heart was, "He will be asked," she being the individual "he" favoured in that particular family.

The Deenes lived at St. John's Wood, in a ten-roomed house which was badly furnished and badly kept. They were not well off, but they were good-hearted and rather nice people on the whole, and amusing. There were two boys; the elder, Tom, was seventeen, obtrusive, and sat up for a wit. Harold Greyson called him the "Irrepressible," which Chatty thought very witty, and called him the "Irrepressible" too. His ears always heard things they were not meant to hear, his eyes always saw things they were not meant to see, and he had a habit, as, indeed, all the Deenes had, of saying odd things,—all excepting Mr. Deene, who was gentlemanly, proud, pompous, and very kind-hearted. His children called him "Parent the Terrible."

Fred, the younger boy, was a plague. He would never go out of the room when Harold Greyson and Chatty wanted a tête-à-tête. He always ate up half the marmalade when any one came and there was only one pot in the house, and would never submit to having his tea stirred when the spoons fell short; and he had a way of telling things before people in a manner that was really distressing.

"Parent the Terrible" came to the rescue in the matter of the party. He was fond of Chatty.

"I don't see why we should not invite the Waysons," he said; "the girls have been there often enough."

"You dear old thing!" exclaimed Chatty, springing towards him and rubbing his head, which was slightly bald, as if she thought the friction would remedy that defect. Chatty was apt to be a little excitable.

"Why could we not have a sort of musical party?" asked Maria.

"That is not a bad idea," remarked Mr. Deene.

"It's excellent!" said Chatty. "We won't have them to tea; they shall come in the evening, and then they won't see the carpet; besides, it will be covered by the tails of their dresses—I shall spread out mine to its widest possible extent. Well, then, we'll give them a sandwich supper; Maria shall make some fancy dishes, and I'll lay the cloth myself before they come, and then lock up the room, and when we open the folding-doors, with the aid of the candles and a few flowers, the effect will be poetical, to say the least. It will go off splendidly, I know it will, and all our set sing, you know," and she stopped, not because her ideas had failed her, but because her breath had.

"Then whom shall we have?" asked Mr. Deene, borne away by the tide of his daughter's eloquence.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Deene, "why, we must have Mrs. Wayson and her daughter, and Harold Greyson, and Charlie Dyce—"

"And Charlie Dyce!" echoed Maria.

"And Mary Channing,—I wouldn't ask her, she's so disagreeable, only she plays well." So they settled and discussed whom they would invite.

Then Mr. Deene made his daughters a formal speech, informing them that he would have no flirting.

"Certainly not," said Maria, kicking Chatty under the table. All the girls were flirting-mad, and they had all made up their minds to flirt on the evening in question.

"Why, of course not," said the delighted Chatty, returning Maria's kick in the most expressive manner.

"Why, of course not," echoed Emily, demurely, trying to reach the others, in a sisterly kick, but failing in the attempt.

Then Mr. Deene made a second speech, specially

addressed to Chatty, to the effect that he would not allow her to flirt in the disgraceful way she usually did with Harold Greyson; that if he saw it going on much longer, he should put an end to that gentleman's visits to the house, as she must be aware that he (Greyson) was a poor man, with expensive tastes and habits, so that even if there were no personal objections in the way—which there were—he was obviously not in a position to marry.

"No, nor a humour to marry either," thought Chatty, "for though he'll make love to one by the hour, and talk nonsense by the yard, he never says a word about matrimony."

Two days later, and before the Deenes sent out the invitations for their party, a domestic calamity occurred. The servant (they had only one, and a charwoman who came of a morning to help) went away without a moment's warning, and the Deenes were left without a domestic. In vain they tried everywhere promptly to supply her place, everywhere they failed; it was a bad time of year, and servants did not care to go where there were no others kept; and so it came to a week before Chatty's birthday and they had not managed to secure one.

"It's no use, Chatty," observed Mrs. Deene, "I cannot be plagued with all these people and only Mrs. Jones to wait on them." (Mrs. Jones being the aforesaid charwoman.)

Then Chatty sat and looked grave, and declared it was too bad, but to no avail. Suddenly, however, she jumped up. "I'll tell you what we'll do," she exclaimed, "we'll have Molly!"

"Molly!" they all said at once.

"Yes, Molly," continued Chatty; "you know she's nearly eighteen now, and though she was very little when we saw her, still she may have grown, for it's nearly three years ago."

"I wonder we did not think of her before," said Maria. "If she is still at home I know her mother will let her come to us, till we get some one else. Mamma, suppose you let Chatty go to Bexley Heath to-morrow and see about her?"

"If I thought she'd do," began Mrs. Deene, relenting.

"Oh, I'm sure she will!" So Chatty carried the day, and, it was agreed, should go the next morning to Bexley Heath and try and bring back Molly.

(To be continued.)

## THE TRACK OF WAR; OR, ST. CLOUD AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

BY THE REV. EDWARD FORBES, M.A., CHAPLAIN OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH, RUE D'AGUESSEAU, PARIS.



FEW visiting Paris have failed to describe the segment of a circle between the St. Lazare Station and St. Cloud; nor will they forget the lovely scenes through which they passed. Asnières, with its bridges over the Seine; Cour-

bevoie, Puteaux, and Suresnes, with their villas and vine-covered slopes; the Bois de Boulogne; the winding river, with Paris in the background, the Arc de Triomphe standing like a giant even among the lofty houses by which it is surrounded. On the right, and immediately

before you reach St. Cloud, stands Valérien, the strongest of all the strong fortresses by which Paris is defended, ready to pour death and destruction upon any point within three or four miles of its summit. During the late war it guarded effectually all that deep and fertile valley of the Seine lying between it and Paris. The route just described we have seen under all aspects; covered with the snows of winter, budding forth and blossoming in spring, basking in midsummer heat, and yielding its rich produce in autumn. But never did we pass along this route with deeper and more painful interest than yesterday. War, that unmitigated curse of nations, has desolated this lovely region. The once-beautiful bridge of Asnières is a ruin; many of the houses and villas *en route* pillaged; doors, shutters, and railings torn off and burnt, the trees cut down, and gardens destroyed! All this by the French themselves—chiefly by the *Franc-Tireurs*—who robbed and plundered the country-houses around Paris. In the ambulances wounded Frenchmen were brought in, their knapsacks filled with articles they had pillaged.

We reached Valérien early, and were most anxious to see its present state. The Prussians had vacated it only the day before, for it was one of the forts subdued not by Prussian guns, but by famine. Armed with a French *laissez-passer*, and a private letter from one in authority, after some difficulty we gained admittance. The first thing meeting the eye was a large gun tossed over the ramparts, its muzzle blown off. We then passed all round this dismantled fortress. Its monster guns, if not taken away, left a ruin; the carriages and cranes broken up, the shells burst, the guns with their muzzles blown off. One monster gun looked sound, but when we came to examine it, a deep crack, of from two to three feet from the muzzle, showed it was as useless as an exploded shell. Never was a fortress more thoroughly dismantled and stripped than Valérien, the once-impregnable stronghold of Paris! One could not but pity the French soldiers as they were gathering up the refuse and ruins left by their hated enemy.

Six minutes from Suresnes brought us to St. Cloud. Here was the track of war without any mistake. Who can describe the utter ruin of this once-flourishing and favoured town? Not one of its lovely villas seems to have escaped. Its streets are a continued ruin. Standing between two fires, the French and German, it has had no chance of escape. The night before the armistice saw the last of its houses and villas gutted and burnt.

Poor beautiful St. Cloud, what a melancholy sight! The entire town in ashes! the skeletons only of the houses remaining. There one

saw portions of charred furniture standing on bits of flooring near the walls. In one house, *au troisième*, in an alcove, stood a bed half overturned, the clothes still lying on it,—a *buffet* standing in the corner on three legs, the other leg in the air over our heads. The floors had all given way, and were lying in ashes at our feet. In another, a kitchen, *au second*, the little *feu économique* perched on a charred beam, the saucepan on the stove, with a plate over it, a *bouillotte*, and an earthen pan called a *marmite*, the dinner evidently preparing when the inmates had to flee. In another, *au troisième*, a chimney-piece standing against the wall, the *Sèvres* ornaments and clock untouched! In another, clothes hanging on pegs high in the air, waving about in the wind. In another, pictures and photographs hanging on tottering walls, where no hand could ever reach them again. Every now and then a crash was heard of a portion of a house or furniture which could no longer hold on in its tottering position. The poor owners were in tears, grubbing about to pick up any valuables. One poor lady and her daughter came away weeping, having found only one dessert plate, the remnant of a splendid set, which must have cost hundreds if not thousands of francs. It spoke too plainly of luxury gone by, for the poor lady said, "We are utterly ruined!" There were lovely gardens trampled over, cut up to make trenches; trees—noble trees—felled to make barricades; many, half sawn through, had been left standing to conceal the batteries the Germans were constructing behind them, and in the last grand sortie, at a given signal, down came an avenue of tall old trees, unmasking these fiery batteries, which poured in death and destruction. This so completely took the French aback, that they never rallied again. Leaving the ruined streets and houses, we next visited the once-splendid Palace of St. Cloud. Designed by Mansard, it was originally built by Jerome de Gondy, in 1568. Louis XIV. bought it and presented it to his brother, the Duc d'Orléans who spent, an enormous sum in improving and adorning it. It has been the scene of great events. Here Napoleon I. laid the foundation of his power, expelling with his armed grenadiers the Council of Five Hundred, who were holding their sittings in the Orangerie. Here Charles X. signed the fatal ordinances which caused the revolution of 1830, and lost him his throne. Here Henry III. was assassinated. Here Queen Victoria was received and entertained by the ex-Emperor in 1855. Here was the favourite residence of Marie Antoinette, of Napoleon I., as well as the late Emperor. Well, what remains now of this historic and once-splendid palace? Alas! it is one heap of charred ruins! Marble pillars and statues turned to lime; bricks,



iron railings, and window-bolts, sofa-springs, and stones, tiles and chimney-pieces, remnants of furniture and curtain-rods, all lay together among masses of stone and mortar. The Galerie d'Apollon, with its exquisitely-painted ceiling; the Salon de Vénus, with its beautiful specimen of Gobelin tapestry; the Salon de Minerve, where so lately the Emperor received a deputation headed by Lord Shaftesbury, who presented him with a splendidly-bound Bible, in acknowledgment of the liberty granted for evangelistic labours during the Exhibition. The Salon Vernet, containing eight of Horace Vernet's best paintings, the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress, once occupied by Marie Antoinette, the Empress Joséphine, Marie Louise, the Duchesse de Berri, and Queen Henrietta of England, as well as Queen Victoria; the *escalier d'honneur*, with the large picture by Muller, commemorating the visit of the latter, and containing the figures of the Queen and Prince Albert, the Emperor and Empress, and Lord Clarendon, all—all gone for ever—a few blackened walls the only monument of departed grandeur! It made one's flesh creep to hear the creaking of some shutters as they swung backwards and forwards on their hinges, and mournfully told the tale of ruin. I saw the doorway through which Louis Philippe fled, and remembered the *gardien*, as he was called, telling us, poor old man, how many sovereigns he had helped to escape, and with a laugh and a shrug of the shoulders, added, he was willing to help others when their turn came! One man pointed out the place where Queen Victoria's portrait used to hang, and said, "Ah! you are happier in your country than we are in ours. Never let your country follow our example; we are too much given to change, we are never satisfied, and you see what it brings upon us." Immediately in the rear of the palace are flower-gardens and avenues of chestnut, lime, and elm trees, with ornamental statues and vases, cascades, with dolphins, shell-work, &c. I observed rows of orange-trees as they had been left in autumn, and now quite dead and withered from the severe frosts of

last winter. Most of the statues were more or less broken, some without arms, noses, or legs. Apollos without lyres, and Satyrs without pipes. Wherever it could be knocked off, a piece had gone to ornament a German chimney-piece. One could not but mourn over the wanton and wilful destruction of so many beautiful statues. Many of the trees were cut down to make barricades, others bore the marks of shell and shot—not German, but French—for with suicidal hands the latter had destroyed this noble palace early in the siege, lest the Germans should be sheltered by it. In one of the gardens was the Prince Imperial's playground, and his little railway, on which was still seen, "Chemin de fer du Prince Impérial." The little station, was broken, and some of the rails torn up. There was also his gymnase and trapéze, and hard by a green grave covered with new moss, and with two crosses, on one of which was written: "Andreas Nowak, 4 Comp<sup>te</sup> 38 Rég<sup>t</sup>." Poor Andreas, how long shall your body rest in this once-royal but desolated garden! Two respectably-dressed French women and a man stood gazing at it, and tears filling their eyes. One said, "Poor man, he would rather have died at home; these Prussians are almost all fathers of families. They are a brave set of men—it is the fault of the rulers." Yes! this was a voice from the deep heart of humanity, and reminds us of the wounded French soldier lying under a tree at Sedan with some wounded Germans, who asked, "Are these Germans Christians?" "Yes," he was answered. "Then," said he, "why are we killing one another?"

The desolated region we have just passed through, the wrecked and pillaged houses, the ruined palace, the broken and bleeding hearts, the mangled bodies which earth scarcely covers in many a battle-field, all make the war-track hideous, and should create a longing for that time when "the nations shall learn war no more; when the sun shall no longer light armies to battle, or the earth be scarred with graves, but *Peace*, the smile of Heaven, the calm of earth, shall be as universal as the dominion of Him who is its Prince." Let us hope and labour for this.

## MORE ABOUT TODDLEKINS.



OUR friends Arabella Maria, Joey, and Toddlekings will need no introduction,\* so we will proceed at once to a confidential chat about them.

About three months ago a cousin came to stay at their house, and although a great deal older than they were, they said they thought it their duty to help amuse her while she was with

\* See THE QUIVER, No. 263.

them. Whether the amusements they got up for her were really entertaining was impossible to say; but probably they were, for Cousin May was generally pleased when any one had done their best to give her pleasure.

In the council of three it was decided that Cousin May would expect something very nice on Saturday afternoons, because it was a holiday; at other times she was more their mamma's visitor than theirs. So

during the chief part of her visit "surprises" had been the constant Saturday's amusement; and we can safely say that many a time the "surprises" were considerably surprising, and Cousin May always enjoyed them.

The last Saturday but one of Cousin May's visit, the children were evidently very anxious to get her into their arbour in the garden, the usual scene of the surprises—that is to say, when they did not take a form too large and astounding to enter the doorway. Seeing their excitement, Cousin May brought her letter-writing as quickly as possible to an end, and announced herself "ready."

For some time a little curious, eager heap, called "Toddlekins," had been sitting on the floor, as close as possible to Cousin May, silently and patiently waiting her time in spite of all her eagerness. As soon, therefore, as the welcome word "ready" was heard, Toddlekins bustled round, and, with the aid of two hands on the floor, was on her feet in two seconds, and with much excitement eagerly possessed herself of one of Cousin May's hands.

Arabella Maria and Joey led the way, and Cousin May and Toddlekins closed the procession. At the door of the children's arbour there was a pause, and Arabella Maria announced: "The first surprise is to take place here, because it is likely to injure the chief surprise now in our arbour, should it take place there." There was a pause of expectation, and Arabella Maria continued: "Toddlekins, fetch the chair."

Toddlekins, who evidently knew all about everything, fetched a light cane chair, in which Cousin May was invited to seat herself. This having been done, Arabella Maria, who as usual was the authority amongst the children, gave Joey a nod. This did not produce much effect, and Toddlekins began to get very nervous indeed, and leaned against Cousin May. After a pause, during which Cousin May began already to feel amused, Arabella Maria gave Joey such a decided push that he was impelled some steps forwards, and for another moment he looked helplessly at Arabella Maria. Then all at once, in the quickest way that ever was seen, down he went, and was standing on his head, his very latest accomplishment, until then never before seen by other eyes than those of the council of three. In another moment he was standing in a civilised manner again, with purple cheeks and a scarlet nose, and staring in a decidedly stupid way at Cousin May.

This was Joey's and the first "surprise," and Toddlekins' delight and enthusiasm knew no bounds. After that, Arabella Maria again announced that the next surprise was ready in the arbour if Cousin May would step in. Cousin May got up, with Toddlekins still holding her hand very tightly, and whispering, "Isn't it nice?" Just as they were entering the door, Arabella Maria stopped them, saying, "Here you can see it better than anywhere else."

Cousin May looked, and she saw something wonder-

ful. On the middle of the table was one of the sofa-cushions from the drawing-room, and on this was a glass cover, evidently over something gorgeous. On a nearer inspection it proved to be a needle-book, which a friend had some time ago given to Arabella Maria, who never found much use for it. She had now, however, stuck all over it some little paper butterflies, painted every colour by her own hand; and this was a gift for Cousin May.

Toddlekins entreated to be lifted up, that she might get a clearer view of the work of art; and admired it as if she had never seen it before, and didn't know the look of it by heart.

Cousin May was of course much gratified by the gift, and said she should never lose it if she could possibly help it, but always keep it for Arabella Maria's sake. And then Cousin May asked for Toddlekins' surprise.

Arabella Maria instantly laid a thick packet of writing on the table before Cousin May.

"Toddlekins can't write," said Cousin May; "she did not do this, did she?"

"No," said Arabella Maria, "she made up a story, and asked me to write it down for her, in case she should forget it."

"It was very kind of you to write it for her," said Cousin May; "it must have been quite a work for you."

Cousin May then read the story aloud with great interest and some little difficulty. It was all about fairies riding on rabbits, and such-like wonderful things. At the conclusion of the story, Cousin May announced, "Now, children, listen to me, next Saturday will be my last here, now whichever of you prepares the best surprise for me, I will give a present to."

This, of course, produced great rejoicings, and the only difficulty now was to think of any surprise worthy of the prospect. Arabella Maria decided that they should not tell each other what they proposed to do, but keep it entirely a secret.

Toddlekins was for some time in great despair, but at the door of the arbour she picked up a pair of pink kid gloves of Cousin May's, which were decidedly in want of repair, and Toddlekins had heard her say that she had a particular affection for these gloves, which had been given to her by some one she liked very much. Toddlekins made up her mind to ask Rachael to show her how to mend them, and with this intent rushed off to the nursery.

Rachael told her that if she came back in half an hour, she would do all that was required of her.

Quite contented with this, she was about to run down to the garden, when, turning a corner quickly, she ran with some violence against Arabella Maria, who was coming at a great pace towards her. It was an unpleasant collision, and Arabella Maria instantly said, "Just like you, Toddlekins, you always are so stupid."

And as soon as Toddlekins had found breath, she answered, "Well, I'm not always stupid, because I've got an idea too."

"Have you?" said Arabella Maria, "well, I was just coming to look for you. I want you to go to the bank at the end of our field, and pick me a lot of that long moss that grows there; you must go, because I shall want it for my surprise."

"What is your surprise going to be?"

"Oh, I shan't tell you, I told you I shouldn't; but look here, I will get you a basket, and you must fill it," and Arabella Maria rushed off, Toddlekins calling after her, "But I've got to do my own surprise, you must get it yourself."

But it was useless. Arabella Maria returned in a very short time, bearing a good-sized basket, and saying, "Now, you must go, because I can't possibly do without it, and I haven't time myself; now, fill the basket and get nice pieces of moss."

Toddlekins very slowly took the basket, and still more slowly walked towards the gate of the field. Arabella Maria had rushed off at once, so there was nothing left but to obey her, for disobeying Arabella Maria was a thing unheard of by Toddlekins. But she walked along in the hot sun by the hedge, with a decided lump in her throat; she felt quite certain she could never get all that work done in time, for it was a great deal of work and difficult work for poor small Toddlekins, to mend Cousin May's pink kid gloves, however much Rachael might show her how to do it.

By the time the basket was full, for she had strictly and honestly picked "nice pieces" and "filled the basket," Toddlekins felt warm and illused. She carried the basket once more back through the hot field, and having delivered it over to Arabella Maria, she was just rushing off to Rachael, to see whether there was still time before tea to begin the gloves, when she heard her name being called several times by Joey. Having replied in the same high key as to where she was, Joey came tearing up-stairs after her, saying, "Oh, Toddlekins, I do want you so; come here."

Toddlekins hesitated. "Oh, Joey, I really can't come now, I haven't begun my surprise."

"It's just for that I want you; I can't get on with my surprise until you come and help me—do, dear, do; I tell you all about my surprise; come."

Toddlekins was very fond of Joey, and his entreaty voice was too much for her to withstand, so quietly she allowed him to take her hand and lead her off to the play-room, where he showed her a queer little wooden boat cut by his own hand. "Now look here," he began, "you see how complete it all is, it only wants sails; now can't you give me some doll's petticoat to tear up for that?"

This was a serious request, and Toddlekins began to wonder where her troubles would end, but Joey continued to persuade and entreat until a doll's

petticoat was produced, and together they tore it up. Joey, perfectly contented then, having got what he wanted, told Toddlekins she could go now.

She rushed into the nursery, where Rachael was laying the tea, and begged and entreated of her to help her with the gloves, just ever such a little bit, and then the long-delayed work really began; but very slowly it proceeded, and Toddlekins thought there never was anything so difficult before.

Then came tea-time and bed-time, and the next day was Friday.

As soon as dinner was over on that day, Toddlekins and Rachael ensconced themselves cosily in the deep windowseat of the nursery with the pink kid gloves, Toddlekins resolved that she must give up play and everything and work with a will at her difficult task. Rachael was very fond of her, and was as eager about the gloves as Toddlekins herself.

No sooner were the gloves fairly in Toddlekins' eager little hands than the door burst open, and Joey and Arabella Maria rushed in, saying, "Oh, Rachael, get us ready, please, we're going out with Cousin May, and Toddlekins is to come too, we are going into the town shopping; do make haste, please."

This was a fearful state of things—at least, so thought Toddlekins, who was sitting and holding the gloves out of sight under her pinafore. She never moved for a long while, her determination was quite upset; going shopping with Cousin May, and Cousin May's last week. She felt as if gloves and everything must be sacrificed to this great pleasure, but still she did not move. Arabella Maria had her best hat put on, and Joey's cravat was something magnificent. It was very hard to decide; and most unfortunate that Cousin May should have just chosen this afternoon for shopping.

"Come, Toddlekins, do make haste!"

"Stupid child, we can't wait for you," said Arabella Maria.

"I'm not going," said an uncertain voice.

"Not going!"

"No," was supposed to be the answer, but Toddlekins at this point broke down to such a degree that Rachael took to comforting her. And the end of it was that Arabella Maria and Joey were sent off with the message that Toddlekins didn't care to go, and they left her sitting on Rachael's lap, taking up something which was placed in her pinafore.

After some time, things began to go very nicely, Toddlekins was working bravely, and Rachael was telling most interesting stories, and helping all the while, and the gloves began to look quite nice again, and the two holes disappeared from view. When they were quite finished, Toddlekins had entirely got over her disappointment, and she and Rachael went for a walk together.

Saturday, the looked-for day arrived, and at eleven o'clock a solemn procession was formed. Joey first, bearing a coloured handkerchief tied to a walking-

stick, by way of a flag; Arabella Maria next, carrying a horrid little tinkling bell, which was rung all the way; last of all, Toddlekins, holding Cousin May's hand.

On the table in the children's arbour were three little heaps, and Cousin May was eager and the children excited. She stepped in, Arabella Maria after her, then Joey, and then Toddlekins on tip-toe peeping over their shoulders. The first object was the little wooden boat and sails, so nicely made by Joey, all by himself; then there was a large basket of pretty green moss with roses lying in it, which Cousin May was invited to pull up, and she would get a surprise. This was done, and Cousin May, peeping down into the basket, saw her own pretty face. "I know you broke your little hand-glass the other day," said Arabella Maria, "so I bought you another." It had been very prettily managed, and Cousin May was most pleased. Last of all, on a big cabbage leaf and under a sweet-scented little bunch of white jessamine, lay her own pink gloves nicely mended.

"Oh, you dear Toddlekins!" said Cousin May, "I am so much obliged to you!"

The surprises were all most satisfactory, and Cousin May was delighted. But she did not produce the present, and the children wondered, but did not like to say anything. She proposed a walk; after which they all sat in the garden till dinner was ready, and Cousin May told them a fairy story, after which she said she had another story to tell them, so she began: "There was a young lady called Cousin May, and her three little cousins, Arabella Maria, Joey, and Toddlekins, took a great deal of trouble every week that she stayed at their house to give her pleasure, so she told them that on the next Saturday she would give a present to the one who prepared the best surprise for her, and they all did their very best. Joey cut his fingers, but didn't care; Arabella Maria spent all her fortune; and Toddlekins gave up the pleasure of shopping, and stopped at home all alone. So do you think the *best* could possibly be chosen? No; Cousin May did as she had fully intended from the first, she got a little present for each of them; and now we are called to dinner. Come in, Toddlekins; give me your hand and we'll race the others!"

On the dinner-table beside each one's plate was a packet. Joey had a large box of colours, Arabella Maria a book, and Toddlekins a doll!

Wasn't it delightful?

J. HERING.

### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

172. The land of Egypt is made use of in the Pentateuch on three occasions as a standard of comparison.

173. Mention the sons of David who were namesakes of prophets.

174. Name the two persons who used the words, "There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few."

175. Enumerate some of the leading events in the Books of Samuel which are omitted altogether in Chronicles.

176. The Book of Jasher is twice mentioned in the Bible. Where?

177. Shem was not Noah's eldest son. Show this distinctly and not by inference.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 544.

161. Acts xxvi. 7. "Unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come."

162. John vi. 70. "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?"

163. Hosea, Ezekiel, Isaiah, Joel, David, Jeremiah, and Zechariah.

164. 1 Tim. v. 18. "For the Scripture saith, The labourer is worthy of his reward." This statement occurs only in Luke, and St. Paul calls it "Scripture."

165. Kings do not tax their sons; this tax is collected for the Temple service—that is, for the service of my Father; I, therefore, being the Son of God, am free.

166. Compare John xviii. 32 with Matt. xx. 19, and John xx. 1 with Mark xv. 46. He nowhere mentions the placing of the stone on the sepulchre, which Mark does.

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